

## CYNTHIA GREY'S ANSWERS

(1) What is the proper way to acknowledge a gift to an infant?

(2) Give good recipe for creamed potatoes.—F. F. F.

A.—(1) A little note of thanks written by the mother, expressing the appreciation of both parents.

(2) Dice cold cooked potatoes and heat in white sauce made in this way: Melt a tablespoon butter in a pan, stir in one tablespoon flour and add sufficient milk in which to heat the potatoes. Season, add potatoes and heat through.

(1) I am 16, have black hair and eyes and fair skin. Am I pretty? (2) Am in the eighth grade—am I far enough advanced?—Black Eyes.

A.—(1) It depends altogether upon the expression. No matter how pretty your hair, eyes and skin might be, if you have a surly or discontented expression you are not attractive to others. (2) Yes.

### Fight Public Dance Evil.

Chicago Hebrew Institute believes it has successfully overcome the evil of public dance halls on the west side in giving a dance every Saturday night at the institute, 1258 Taylor street.

A small admission is charged but Joseph Pedott, superintendent of the institute, says they do not make expenses. He believes that the good accomplished by these dances outweighs the loss in money.

A committee of three young

women and three young men are detailed to look after the undesirable.

### "JEAN VALJEAN" GOES FREE

"Has any man on this jury ever been convicted of felony?" asked Judge Porterfield in the Hyde murder trial at St. Louis. No one confessed that he had—not then, but after adjournment one jurymen sought out the judge and said:

"I am an ex-convict, convicted twenty-two years ago. Since then I have been leading a square, honest life. I couldn't stand up before all the court room and confess. I couldn't for my family's sake."

The jurymen explained that he had shot a man and was sentenced to prison for two years for assault with intent to kill.

"I know you," replied Judge Porterfield. "You are a good citizen. You shall not have to tell your story to any man and it shall not pass this door."

Another "Jean Valjean," but this time he found a judge with the spark of divinity in his heart. He was forgiven and went his way, rejoicing.

Latest thing in long-distance love letters are those dictated into a phonograph. Not for married folks though. Imagine a wife at the seashore opening the morning mail only to hear far-off John Henry's voice remarking: "Say, Mary, where in thunder did you put my collar button?"